When in that moment (ſo it came to paſſe)
Tytania waked, and ſtraightway lou'd an aſſe.
Ob. This falles out better then I could deuiſe:
But haſt thou yet lacht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the loue iuyce, as I did bid thee do?
Rob. I tooke him ſleeping (that is finiſht to)
And the *Athenian* woman by his ſide,
That when he wak't, of force ſhe muſt be eyde.
Enter Demetrius and Hermia.
Ob. Stand cloſe, this is the ſame *Athenian.*
Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Deme. O why rebuke you him that loues you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide, but I ſhould vſe thee worſe.
For thou (I feare) haſt giuen me cauſe to curſe.
If thou haſt ſlaine *Lyſander* in his ſleepe, (to,
Being ore ſhooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill me
The Sunne was not ſo true vnto the day,
As he to me. Would he haue ſtollen away,
From ſleeping *Hermia?* Ile beleeue as ſoone
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes.*
It cannot be but thou haſt murdred him,
So ſhould a murderer looke, ſo dead, ſo grim.
Dem. So ſhould the murdered looke, & ſo ſhould I,
Pierſt through the heart with your ſtearne cruelty:
Yet you the murderer looke as bright, as cleare,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering ſpheare.
Her. VVhat's this to my *Lyſander*? where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him me?
Dem. Ide rather giue his carkaſſe to my hounds.
Her. Out dog, out curre, thou driu'ſt me paſt the bonds
Of maidens patience. Haſt thou ſlaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.

Oh,

Oh, once tell true,
Durſt thou haue lo
And haſt thou kil
Could not a worm
An Adder did it. F
Then thine (thou
Dem. You ſpen
I am not guilty of
Nor is he dead, for
Her. I pray the
Dem. And if I
Her. A priuiled
And from thy hat
Whether he be de
Dem. There is n
Heere therefore fo
So ſorrowes heau
For debt that bank
Which now in ſom
If for his tender h
Ob. What haſt
And laide the loue
Of thy miſpriſion,
Some true loue tu
Rob. Then fate
A million faile, co
Ob. About the
And *Helena* of *A*
All fancy ſicke ſhe
With ſighes of lo
By ſome illuſion ſ
Ile charme his eies
Robin. I go, I g
Swifter then arro
Ob. Flower of